

The batteries succeeded in getting away from New York about two o'clock this afternoon.

The fort as you may imagine looks desolate enough, for besides losing the batteries, Capt Putnam's company went ~~to~~ to Sand Hook yesterday morning. Dr Stacey went along. So there are ^{no} troops here but the volunteers, and officers but Col Bruce, Mr Eliath and myself. Mr Eliath is acting Post and Regimental Art & Quarter Master Adj. Art. Ad. Gen. Officer of the day &c. &c. Mrs M^c has gone to Milford Pennsylvania.

Capt Putnam is very much disgusted with his post. There is no place where he can drill his men, the Hook being nothing but loose sand, into which you sink up to your ankles at every step. Nobody lives there but laborers on the Fort. The Capt thinks he is going to have a most dull and dismal time of it, and it is very likely he will. He is on a Court Martial which meets here on Friday so that he will get away ~~and leave~~ &

~~and~~ Gen Stacey will be left to fight the Mosquitoes and snafies alone.

We had a very gay party at the Boarding House last night. There were five or six dozen Chinese lanterns hung in the trees; we had a fine display of fire works and danced till midnight, the music being by a part of Doorworth's band. All the ladies were up to see the fire works and most of them danced the evening through.

All the officers but Col B. and myself went up to Gen Brown's just after the salute was fired. I was invited but did not mean to go, altho' he had spoken to me yesterday morning for the first time for a long while. I concluded however, if he would come into my quarters and take a glass of wine, I would go up to his house. The other fellow would ~~not~~ do it tho' so I stayed at home.

Two of our boarders played a game of billiards for a case of champagne to be drunk in my quarters & the Smith. That's how I came to have wine